



THE SATANIC
RACCOON

#4

#1

NATURE
READERS,
BITCHES.



A BIT CHEWY,
AREN'T THEY?



Yep, life sure does eat a bowl of dicks sometimes. The year 2005 in particular has so far, but out of misery and frustration comes violence, scatological artwork. Which is why you are now holding yet another issue of *Martin the Satanic Rabbies* in your grabby, scheming hands.

This issue is mostly gag panels that I've been kicking around for a little while. I realize that an issue composed almost entirely of one-page gags looks kinda ghetto, but hopefully we made up for it with the sheer repetitive nature of the artwork. I promise next time there will be more actual strips, but for now you get one where Martin himself destroys a shopping district.

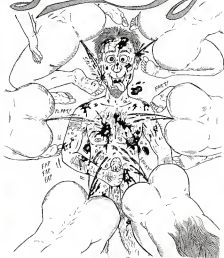
This issue was made under the influence of large amounts of Nile, Kevlar, Vader, The Hammer, Pig Destroyer, Narnia, Dutch, Convergence, Capitalist Casualties, Cripple Bastards, Cyphalic Carriage, Ekhmead, Badtack Shatter, Trencher, Cryptic Slaughter, Kataklysm, Endevred, Muciere, At The Gates, Witchery, and Burnt By The Sun. Not that you particularly care, but if you want to know what keeps me going during the long hours of illustrating paragraphic caprophilia jokes, well, now you know.

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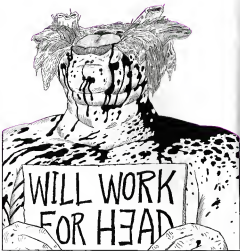
GRANDCORE SOVA TITLE OF THE MONTH:

EROTIC DIARRHEA *Fantasy*



FROM THE AUTHOR "EROTIC BAREBACK
FANTASY" CUNNED BY THESE FOLK

"HOMELESS ZOMBIE."



HOLLYWOOD STREET SCENE #104



EXCUSA' ME,
SEÑORITA...
ARE YOU AN
ACTUAL HOOKER
OR JUST A SKANK?



DRIVE THE H2

... BECAUSE NO
ONE NEEDS TO
KNOW ABOUT
YOUR SMALL
PENIS.



Metamucil

Stay Regular...

Enjoy Life
More!

UNWORTHY
OF GUNTS
STRAIN



FILE UNDER "HORRIBLE BUT TRUE"...

AN OKLAHOMA WINTER, 1932:
THE PINNACLE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION:
A FATHER AND SON SHELTER IN A WOODEN
SHACK - FEARLESS, HUNGRY, FLEEING...



WHAT SORT OF FATHERLY ADVICE CAN A FATHER
GIVE HIS SON IN THIS SITUATION?
WHAT WORDS OF COMFORT CAN SEE A
YOUNGSTER THROUGH THESE TRYING TIMES?



WELL, SON, IT
COULD BE WORSE...



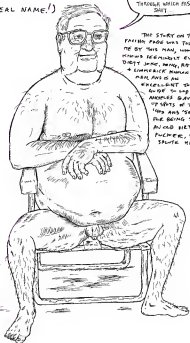
WE COULDN'T BEEN
BORN AMIGERS.



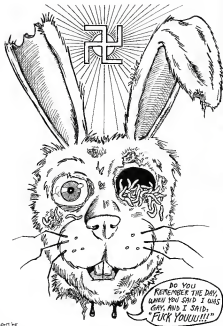
END!

TRIBUTE TO
JAMES LONG
(REAL NAME!)

'W' IS FOR ASSHOLE,
WHICH WE SIT,
EXTERNAL PASSAGE
THROUGH WHICH ISSUES
SHIT.



THE STORY ON THE
FADING PAGE WAS TOLD TO
ME BY THIS MAN, WHO
HADN'T REMEMBERED EVER
DIDN'T JUNE, MARY, RUTH
+ LOUWICK MARRIED TO
MOM AND I AM
RECALLED THAT
GIVE TO THE
ANOTHER DAY FOR
OF WITS AT THE
1960 AND '60s.
THE BEING SUCH
AN OLD MOTO
PACIFIC, WE
SPARK HILL.



DATE:

WRITE-IN/CONTACT: WRITE TO ME AND TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK THIS
MEANING IS SUPPOSED TO MEAN. THE MOST CREATIVE ANSWER
WINS A FREE T-SHIRT!

"SO MANY CHRISTIANS...
SO FEW LIONS!"

NEW T-SHIRT DESIGN COMING
IN FALL!



Oddly enough, when I went home that night I had a weird dream. In it Jamie Lee Curtis and Kirsten Dunst (don't ask me what the fuck she was doing in my dream; I think it has something to do with this lame movie preview that's on T.V. non-stop) are undead soul-sucking vampires of some kind, and Jamie Lee Curtis is trying to seduce and kill a friend of mine by a pool. He resists and wanders off, but I know she'll try again, so I attempt to kill her by drowning her in the pool. Of course this doesn't work, and she laughs at me. She tries to pry my hands off her throat, so I break her fingers, and then I remember I have a knife. (Of course it's actually my pocketknife that I have on me at all times in real life, so even though I'm not wearing anything but swimming trunks in the dream, I still have it. I think it makes sense, in a dream-logic sort of way.) So I begin to stab her, and she laughs at that too, so I proceed to stick my knife in her cunt, twist it, and fuck her with it. This only elicits moans of pleasure out of her. Then I rape her, blood gushing out of her torn cunt and all, while using my knife to slash open her breasts, and she's still laughing at me. Fade to next morning, where some assistant is wrapping Jamie Lee Curtis in maroon plastic of some kind, I guess to heal the wounds, and this hurts her, although me cutting her nipple in half didn't. I remember feeling glad that I at least managed to hurt her somehow, even if it is only in the healing process. Kirsten Dunst wants to kill both me and my nameless unseducable friend, but Jamie Lee Curtis tells her to wait, and they'll get both of us in one fell swoop. The dream then changes to something else that I don't remember.



FINITO!